

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE. They made an armchair of themselves by interlocking their hands and arms, Maxey and Dr. Lamar, to carry her up the long flights of stairs to her new home, this pale, shy girl whom the carefully driven carriage had just brought to the door of the house at the end of the

How different from the ominous roll of the departing ambulance was the coming of this januty carriage! When Miss Maxey had listened to the first from the parlor window, high above the street, or sympathetic heart felt as if a chill breath from the fey river had touched it. Now she waited at the top of the stairs with a rose in her hair.

Modern science had alone made this arrival possible. For the second time within the short period of a few weeks brain surgery had wen another brilliant vietory. But there was that about this secand and more recent miracle which not even Lausar himself could explain. That the result had exceeded his most during hopes he had neknowledged, at least to Maxey. To resear from the grave a trembling paralytic victim, who realizes full well his doom, and himself gives the word which authorizes the dangerous operation as his last fearful chance, is front indeed, but to pour a flood of fullest, freest light into the darkness worse than death that enshronds an intellect is something so far greater that it rises at once our of the region of human neblevement into that unfathomed realm of nature's mysteries where the wisest are as children. No. Lamar was too scientific a man to believe this triumph all his own, too honest to claim it as his own, but nevertheless the world would count it his. Henceforth he would be great among his fellows.

The victim of the cliff rend was still in a very sensitive and preservious state. Her memory of even recent events might fail her at times in the most alarming marker, but her pulse was normal, her appetite good, and every day would show a change for the better ...overy day away from the hospital, surrounded by sympathetic faces, kind voices and the quiet of a home. So they all Lelleved. So had the carriage come.

This was scarcely the same being who once before had been carried by these four strong arms from the street to the artist's rooms. That form had been submissive and leaden. This shrank in maiden modesty from undue contact. That face had been distorted with the hideous nightmere of perpetual fear. This glowed with all the sweet, sky. womanly emotions that rise in the breast of a young girl whom necessity compels in this bold fashion to strangers of the other sex. She obeyed their instructions to put her arms about their neeks with a trembling reluctance that was too spontaneous to be counterfoit. I know not what philosophic Dr. Lamar thought, but to Julian Maxey the tremulous touch of that almost transparent little hand was a vague revelation of the possibility of a joy to come greater than my he had ever known.

It was toilsome, climbing the long flights of stairs in this slow, stendy fashion, but it seemed to Maxey in his prescut cestatic frame of mind, with a burden such as this to carry, he would willingly have kept on mounting forever. As for the palpitating burden herself, she was troubled with more sentiments than one. This removal, her destination, her new friends, were so many mysteries to her. The truth had purposely been kept from her for a specific reason, and she had been informed only that she was to be taken to a more secluded place than the hospital, where she would be surrounded by brighter influenees and would get well the quicker.

Notwithstanding her weakness and her tropidation at finding herself in the arms of the strange men, she was seen to glance with an expression of interest and curiosity upon the house and the entrance into which she was being taken. In spite of Dr. Lamar's assurance to the centrary, Maxey hoped that she would recognize the place and its inmates without a word to aid her. This was the object of his silence to her. It partook of the nature of an experiment.

Miss Maxey, waiting for them in the corridor, held the door open for them to pass in. The girl looked at her in a mute, questioning manner, without a shadow of recognition, that thoroughly disappointed the artist's sister. The doctor's strong tones were the first to break the silence.

"These are your new friends, Miss Dye. Here your home is to be as long as you care to make it. From the time you expressed a desire not to be taken back to your father they resolved to bring you

"They are very good to me," said a

faint voice. "But do they know that I am a poor girl without money to pay them for their care?"

"They know everything that is neces-

Miss Maxey had drawn a great chair in front of the fire and had made it doubly easy with pillows. The comfortalle back chamber was in a state of order and neatness wonderful to behold. Everything was in readiness for the return of the patient. They placed her in the chair, and Maxey sighed as the clinging hand left its warm nestling place on his neck. Then they all stood back from her, and she looked about, first at the strange faces of the artist and his sister and then at the various objects which went to make up the character of the room. Her glance wandered to the windows, with the fine prospect far away and the ice clad river underneath, to the piano, the pictures, the bookenses, even to the little white bed in the alcove room, the curtains of which had been purposely drawn back that she might

Maxey could not conceal his disappointment. It was the glance of the stranger. But there was another sentiment in the artist's mind, even stranger than this. In the anxious days when the thee which now looked up from the pillows in the easy chair lay on the bed in

the alcove room Maxey had often watched it with an insufferable feeling of regret and pity at his heart. The delicate outline of the oval face and the classic features, despite the unnatural expression which distorted the countenance and robbed it of its chief charm, had whispered a sorrowful story of a lost radiance that would have dazzled the eyes of the beholder. And now, as the artist saw this face again, lit up with the light of reason and changing with the varying thoughts, deadly pale and hollow though it was, he realized, with the uncrring instinct of a student of the pleasing in nature, that the reality was

and he said to himself: "She will be beautiful." There was a deeply troubled look in the dark eyes, as they finished the momentary survey of the apartment and came back to rest on Miss Maxey's face. The pale lips murmured something which sounded to her hearers like, "I do not understand,"

even stranger than he had pictured it,

At any rate, Dr. Lamar took it upon himself to say again:

"These are your friends, Miss Maxey and hor brother, who took care of you in your illness. You are to stay here with them as long as you like, to make your kome with them, if you will, until you are well, strong and able to go where you desire."

"Charity?" whispered the voice, a slight color coming into the face. Dr. Lamar understood the delicate shrinking of a sensitive nature and feared that it might have a tendency to retard ber convalescence. The unscrupulous man lied: "Not in the least. Your father has se-

sured them to take charge of you during as you ought." his absence. He was obliged to go "He is not my father," she returned

in a clearer voice. The sound of that voice made Maxey's heart beat faster. The accents and intonation were a revelation. They could have been the prodnet alone of refinement and education.

A joyous thought seemed to arise suddenly in the poor girl's mind, a thought that made her eyes glisten and her breath come quick. She looked eagerly first into Maxey's face and then into the face of his sister. Something seemed to tremble on her lips, but she forbore to utter it. The artist, who had been watching her

every movement, started forward. "Say that you know us; that you recognize this place; that you remember to have been here before!"

The rising color suddenly faded from the pale face, and to the astonishment of everybody she said:

"You are my brother and you my sister! You have brought me home!' Maxey's heart sank. Was her mind



"You are my brother and you my sister!" ed their blank and amazed looks, and the trembling joy faded at once from her

Ellen spoke up quickly:

"Let it be so, dear Annette. We will be brother and sister to you henceforth.' "Then you are not really so? No, no. I should have known better."

"And you don't recognize the room at all?" Maxey said in a tone of regret. The dark eyes looked about in increasing perplexity. She said at last falter-

"I cannot say, but in my forgotten childhood, which I have tried so hard to

remember" "I don't mean that," interrupted Maxey. "I mean since you have been sick.

The dark eyes turned toward him in wild amazement.

'Was I not taken to the hospital?' "You were brought here. You were placed in that little bed there. My sister attended you, and so you remained for weeks. Now, don't you remember itjust in a faint, vague way, I mean?" returned Maxey.

The dark hair moved on the pillow as the head shook.

"It is all strange to me," she said. "I must have been very sick."

Dr. Lamar looked triumphantly at Maxey, who was evidently disappointed. "I can remember faces faintly, coming and going, as in a dream."

"Reminiscences of the hospital after the operation," commented Dr. Lamar in an undertone.

Maxey sighed. "I must give it up," he said. "You

were right." The physician did not reply. His attention was taken by the patient. A gray pallor was creeping into her face.

Her eyes closed wearily.
"No more of this," he said authoritatively. "This conversation has been too much for her. Get her to bed, Miss Max-

"But we have found out nothing," expostulated the artist. "It is already two weeks, and you have allowed nobody to question her. Meanwhile we do not know how imperative for the ends of justice it is that we should have this crime explained."

Lamar looked at the artist in stern silence for a moment, and then with a sudden movement seized him, as if he had been an unruly schoolboy, by his ear and led him from the room. When they were in the back parlor, he released him and said with a sternness that was not

sician's orders. Those orders are that you shall absolutely refrain from questioning her or even hinting of the past in any way until you have my permission. I will tell you plainly, it may be for weeks."

"So long!" said Maxey in consternation. "You know I would be the last to do anything which would tend to her injury. But it does seem a shame, by Jove: it does seem a shame!" He began to pace the floor with his

hands behind his back. "I have my suspicions," he continned. "If you knew them, you would be

as impatient as I am. " "I doubt in " returned Lamar, "but by and by you will tell them to me, and we shall see. Before that, however, I want to settle your mind on one point, Mrs. Forsythe does not know and never heard of this man Dye. It was utterly ridiculous, of course, that she should, but to satisfy you I have asked her." "But it is she who lives at 10 Living-

ston street," "And it is also her servants who live there!" exclaimed Lamar impatiently. Any reference to his intended bride always had a depressing effect upon the physician. He folded his hands behind him, turned his back on Maxey and looked gloomily out of the window at the river The artist approached him and laid a friendly hand on his arm.

"Old fellow, I have offended you." "Nothing of the sort," returned Lamar. "You did simply right. How could you know that the suspicion of the lodging house keeper in Flood street was preposterons? You never saw her.' Maxey was well aware of that. If there was any matter on earth in which he felt he was not in his friend's confidence, it was this matter of his engagement with the Widow Forsythe, and yet his esteem and regard for the man were too great to permit him to neglect an

opportunity, such as this, to counsel him. "Enstace," he began hesitatingly, "I wish I could feel that you wouldn't think that I was presuming on your friendship.

Lamar turned toward him, puzzled and wondering.

"Why, what is all this, Julian?" "It is my extravagant imagination, I suppose; but I can't get over the impression that your approaching marriage is not-well, that you do not look upon it

Lamar turned his head away very quickly. "Mrs. Forsythe is a lady," he said in

a low voice. "She is very handsome. She is a very talented woman. She has a fortune, and I have been called a thousand times a 'Incky dog!' "

"All this is much, Eustace, but do you really love her?" Lamar made an impatient gesture.

"You don't expect me to talk senti-Maxey sighed. "That's the trouble I was afraid of.

You are too much wrapped up in your science, and you imagine you don't believe in these things. But I tell you, Lamar, they are just as real and essential as anything else in our lives." Lamar attempted to force a tone of

"When did you experience your last

great passage, Maxey?" "You know I never had one. But I believe in it. I know it, because I have seen it.

"Oh, indeed!" Lamar's words were dry and short, but somehow he looked much more distressed than indifferent. Maxey went on earnestly: "Eustace, it has been your province on many important occasions to give me advice, and you must acknowledge that in however INDAPO had grace I accepted it I generally acted HINDOO REMEDY on it. I can't expect you to take mine, but I am none the less going to advise you. If you marry Mrs. Forsythe for her money, you will regret it all the days of

your life. Lamar turned upon him almost angrily, "Who told you that, Maxey?" The artist replied a little stifily:

"Nobody. Tinferred it from what you bruggists, SCRANTON, PA., and other Leading Druggists." said. You do not love her. Don't marry her.

"Love her? No. But, what is more to the point, I esteem and respect her. That is enough. Maxey, this is not an agreeable subject to me. Don't let us refer to it again. My mother has set her heart on this match, and even if I were convinced of its unadvisability I could not honorably retreat now. If there was a time when I had a little romantic feeling for Mrs. Forsythe, and if time and a better acquaintance with her have enabled me to overcome it, why, that is my affair. If I was weak enough or foolish enough to take a hasty, impulsive step in an all important matter-a step which I have since had reason to regret-that is my affair too. If I have said to you that which I have told and shall tell to no other person upon earth, it is because I know you too well to believe that you would betray my confidence. Julian, you will not mention that I have said this much to you to a

living soul-not even to"-He stopped and averted his glance and went on again: "Not even to your nearest and dearest friend. Now, let us

change the subject." Maxey looked at his friend regretfully. Lamar coughed and drummed on the

"Well," said the physician at length, "you were saying that you had your suspicions. Whom do you suspect?"

"I suspect that man Dye. Isn't it somowhat remarkable that he disappeared from the house in Flood street the very same day that this crime was committed on the cliff road?" "It is worth noting at least. What do

the police think?" "I have not employed the police at all



*LOSS OF POWER and Manly Vigor, Nervous De-bility, Paralysis, or Palsy, Or-ganic Weakness and wasting Drains upon the system, result-ing in dulness of mental Facul-ties, Impaired Memory, Low Spirits, Morose or Irritable Tem-res for of invending calamity per, fear of impending calamity, and a thousand and one derange-ments of both body and mind result from pernicious secret, practices, often indulged in by the young, through ignorance of their ruinous consequences. To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of an associ-ation of medical gentlemen who

ation of medical gentlemen who have prepared a book, written in plain but chaste language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at all assumed:

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"That is very foolish of you. Suppose this man Dye should return"-"I have fixed that with the landlord. I shall know it in half an hour.' "Good!" exclaimed Lamar, "But I

long as it is possible to get along with-

out them.

am afraid he won't. "So am I," said Maxey. Lamar looked out of the window at the vast white sheet of ice beneath which the tide flow-

ed on unseen. After a little he turned again, put his hand on his friend's shoulder and said gravely: "Maxey, we must cause the newspapers to lie for us. We must give it out

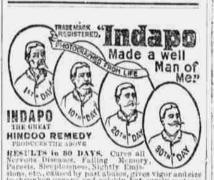
that the girl is dead; that the operation killed her. If there is anything in this beyond a vulgar wayside robbery, we must put the rascals off their guard by making them feel at their ease."

"Eustace, what are you thinking of? Your reputation"-

"My reputation!" interrupted Lamar. with a momentary bitterness, "Well," he went on in a more guarded tone, "that will take care of itself. My part in this matter will be known well enough when the time comes. I am not dependent on the newspapers. However, I am not sure that my idea is not a wild one. Can this be done?"

"Yes. I think so. The manager of The Herald is a friend of mine. He will print it, and everybody will copy it."
"The sooner you see him, then, the

"I will see him at once," said Maxey. [TO BE CONTINUED.]



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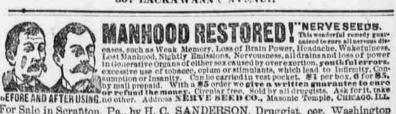
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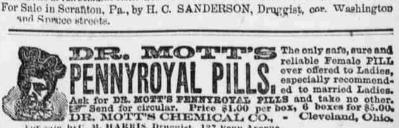
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